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MEDICAL SCIENCE

— IN —

Conflict with Materialism.

By EUGENE GRISSOM, M. D., LL. D.



Address delivered before the Medical Society
of North Carolina, May 13th, 1880.

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Medical Science in Conflict with Materialism.

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By EUGENE GRISSOM, M. D., LL. D.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the City of Wilmington:

There are times when the ordinary tasks of life are set aside, before some supreme call of duty. He, whose constant toil is due, to save wife or child from want, may hasten to obey the louder call of his country, for his country's safety is the highest earthly welfare. We honor the medical hero who turns aside from the ambitions of life, and puts away its allurements, to teach the course of some mortal infection, with his own throes of agony. We bow the head before that man who breaks from the safe enclosure of routine labors at home, to fly to the distant abode of pestilence and death, that he may rescue the wretched, even though he should die with the dying.

There are, indeed, as we all recognize, duties incumbent upon the medical profession, not only of an ordinary nature like those of the good citizen, but sometimes rising to the sublime level of patriots and martyrs.

We are not only to pursue the round of simple healing from man to man, but there are occasions when we must step to the front with sanitary control over great cities and extensive communities, to save them from the poison festering in their bosom. May I not add that extraordinary movements in the currents of society, may none the less demand the exercise of the moral influence accorded



to the profession, to neutralize noxious forces at war with true mental and spiritual hygiene, among our fellow-men ?

The exertion of such power is contemplated in the Code of Ethics, which declares :

“ Every individual, on entering the profession, as he becomes thereby entitled to all its privileges and immunities, incurs an obligation to exert his best abilities to maintain its dignity and honor, to exalt its standing, and to extend the bounds of its usefulness ; ” and again :

“ There is no profession, from the members of which, greater purity of character and a higher standard of moral excellence are required, than the medical ; and to attain such eminence is a duty every physician owes alike to his profession and his patients.” —*Art. 1, Sec. 1, of Duties of Physicians to Each Other and to the Profession at Large.*

Modern society is to-day assailed by an insidious foe, which conceals under the guise of physiology, clothed upon by a brilliant philosophy, all the fell elements of disintegration of the whole social economy, the destruction of the nobler motives of human action, the loss of the very sense of right and wrong, and the deprivation of the hope of immortality.

It is in the name of science that this evil work is to be done. It is claimed that physiology sanctions it, that anatomy and embryology demonstrate it, that comparative anatomy and palaeontology confirm it, and only ignorance or prejudice can deny it.

With the cool indifference that slices an egg to examine its cell-growth, the brain of man is handled on the point of the scalpel, and we are scornfully told that man is but a better brute—not so strong, it is true, as the lion, not so patient as the ox, not so swift as the eagle, not so provident as the ant, but yet a better sort of ape, indulging in a dream of immortality, and breathing aspirations as baseless as the chase of the dog who barks in his slumber.

It is in the name of medical science that these things are boldly declared. It is from the heights of biology that guns are levelled, which with or without intent, are reducing many human lives to chaos—destroying faith, hope, sense of right, belief in fellow-man, and all tender sympathies with the wronged or the suffering ; leav-

ing no ambition but the blind struggle of the mightier trampling upon the weaker, and no end but infinite wreck and waste, like the scarred face of the moon in its awful stillness of desolation.

It is not, therefore, strange that the popular mind has begun to identify the physician with the materialist, just as in former ages the chemist was accounted a dealer in magic, and in later days the geologist was berated in Cowper's pungent lines as an infidel.

Not long ago, a journal widely read, contained a paragraph of appeal in these words :

“ On what ground was it said that where there are three physicians there are two atheists ? Is there something in anatomical and physiological studies, as well as in constant familiarity with disease and death, which inclines them to unbelief ? ”—*Editorial in the Churchman, Nov. 16, 1878.*

We deny the proposition. On the contrary, we affirm that of all men, the physician is best prepared to declare over the dying man, “ Hero passes by something more unsearchable and illimitable in its kind, than all matter is, in extent.”

The London *Lancet* of June 21st, 1879, rings out in trumpet tones :

“ This is an epoch, wherein it is undoubtedly desirable—we would go farther and say necessary—that men of science who are not utterly without belief in anything outside and beyond the materially evident, should possess the courage of their convictions, and speak out boldly.”

The historian of an after age will stand in astonishment before the extraordinary and far-reaching influence, throughout the science and literature of this period, of the theory of evolution, as formulated by Darwin, and illustrated by Haeckel. To have so permeated human thought and modified scientific conception and even terminology, within such a brief period is a marvellous achievement of intellectual power, and a superb testimony to the modern inter-communication of knowledge.

The seed dropped by Lamarck in his theory of the transmutation of species, after lying dormant half a century, has been so cultivated and trained and nursed by such spirits as Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Tyndall, Lyell, Spencer, and Haeckel, that its growth to those who delight to hide under the branches thereof, has obscured

the sky of moral existence beyond the physical, and even the sun rays of a creative God.

It is impossible to deny the fascinations of the theory of development—of natural evolution—or Darwinism, or the monistic philosophy, as Haeckel prefers to term it. It presents a panoramic agreement with (such) a vast assemblage of facts associated with the morphology of organisms. It is (so) pleasing to many minds, to be shown that the reign of law is everywhere only the kingdom of the strongest chance, that man is after all master of the mysteries around him. It is so plain, everything being reduced to mathematics, that heredity, plus adaptation invariably produces the unknown sum in species. There is a glow of satisfied curiosity to perceive that *x*, varied in terms of *y*, will become *z*, even though the fact stare one in the face that sometimes it proves to be *u* or *w*, and all our logic is vain.

With the keenest and most subtle appeal to hidden self-love, modern philosophy would outstrip the pagan, and make man greater than God, for endowed with only finite power, he has developed himself.

I need not engage in lengthened review of the great doctrines of evolution. Day after day the press teems with the catchwords of the newborn faith which denies the reality of the accumulated knowledge of the past.

We may justly wonder at the treasures of learning, and the burning zeal, of such investigators as Darwin, and we may admire, with the reading world, the loyal honesty and unflinching perseverance with which they advocate a dreary and barren philosophy.

It is not necessary to remind you that accepting the struggle for existence as a starting point, Darwin explains the survival of the beings most fit to play their part and to propagate their kind with given surroundings, by the principles of what has been termed natural selection, and consolidates the results obtained by heredity; and introducing the due limitations of continuity, permanent character, divergence and modified heredity, he would thus exhibit and demonstrate the adaptation of beings to all surroundings; the localization, perhaps, of some, and the expansion of others, with the modifications imposed by the laws of compensation and economy, and the principles of the correlation of increase.

Thus has he woven a theory, which every impartial student must admire in exquisite points of detail, and respect in its stupendous majesty, as a grand conception of the human mind.

Some of these deductions must be acknowledged to be measurably true, such for example, as the struggle for existence, and a selection as, in part, a resultant of this; although, as we shall see, it is but a partial and incomplete philosophy, which cannot discern other elements of control, in the play of forces.

Let us at once declare that we cannot quarrel with whatever fact Darwin or any other evolutionist has discovered. It is not against natural truths that those who worship a God of nature, can bathe. Every absolute fact in natural history, in physiology, in embryology, or in sociology which they bring to light we shall welcome as a friend—as a child of the Infinite.

The law of the continuous succession of organic beings, by a development which exhibits nature at work in one perennial growth, may be true of physical structure within certain limits, and if true is in no wise inconsistent with Divine purpose and supervision, or the special endowment of man with the gifts of mind and soul.

But such is not the spirit of the materialistic philosophy, which ventures to measures man's spirit with the clod, which denies his relationship to his Maker, blots out personality, ignores the existence of soul, and refuses to recognize the very power with which it declaims against the Omnipotent.

It has left the simple task of learning the *order* of creation, to assume to declare its *cause*. Out of evolution it has erected atheism. It is not simply true that the new philosophy insists upon its own description of the method of creation, but in truth it denies a creation at all, in the sense of a procession from a power higher than the blind atom.

Darwin does not hesitate to say, that it is to him probable

“That any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed, as in man.”—*Descent of Man*, Volume I, p. 68.

That he considers such development as a thing, of course, all his pages teem with evidence.

Haeckel repeats again and again with such triumphant boasts as the following :

“ The ‘moral ordering of the world’ is evidently a beautiful poem which is proved to be false by the actual facts. None but the idealist scholar, who closes his eyes to the real truth, or the priest, who tries to keep his spiritual flock in ecclesiastical leading strings can any longer tell the fable of the ‘moral ordering of the world.’ It exists neither in nature nor in human life, neither in natural history, nor in the history of civilization. The terrible and ceaseless struggle for existence gives the real impulse to the blind course of the world.”—*Evolution of Man*, Vol. I, p. 3.

As, on the physical side of the question at issue we find the same great leader affirm :

“ It is indubitably established as the result of our objective scientific inquiry, that the human race is directly descended from the Apes of the Old World.”—*Evolution of Man*, Vol. 2, p. 444.

So also he informs us :

“ The mind” or “pysche” of man has developed together with, and as the function of the medullary tube * * * so the human “mind,” or the mental capacity of the entire human race, has developed gradually, step by step, from the mind of the lower vertebrates.”—*Ibid*, p. 451.

“ The ‘spirit’ and ‘mind’ of man are but forces which are inseparably connected with the material substance of our bodies.”—p. 457.

* * * * *

The magnet attracting iron filings, powder exploding, steam driving the locomotive, are active inorganic substances ; they work by active force just as does the sensitive mimosa, when it folds its leaves at a touch, as does the amphioxus, when it buries itself in the sand,—as does man when he thinks,”

“ In the evolution of man, no other active forces have been at work, than in the rest of organic and inorganic nature.”

But the final outcome of the evolutionary philosophy, is to be found in such language as this, from the great biologist of Jena :

“ There is no such thing as ‘free will’ in the usual sense. On the contrary, in the light of this monistic conception of nature, even those phenomena which we have been accustomed to regard as

most free and independent, the expressions of the human will, appear as subject to fixed laws as any other natural phenomenon. Indeed, each unprejudiced and searching test applied to the action of our 'free will' shows that the latter is never really free, but is always determined by previous causal conditions, which are eventually referable either to heredity or adaptation."—*Haeckel, Evolution of Man*, Vol. II, p. 455.

The greatest of the evolutionists thus declares the logical conclusion of his theory. And where does that lead us? If there is no such thing as free will, and all phenomena are without moral character, all distinctions in human conduct disappear; right and wrong vanish away; conscience is a fiction; criminals are punished without logic or reason; society exists at all, only by the sufferance of the strong. And if every man may do what seemeth best in his own eyes, upon the plea that heredity and adaptation so constrain the machine within him, what is to save mankind from chaos; if these astounding doctrines are true, and being true, are accepted by the ruling mind of the world, as truth must be sooner or later.

But, however, deplorable we may regard the consequences of the acceptance of the belief that man is merely a mass of organized matter and nothing more, this belief with all its destructive results must be logically received, unless somewhere there be a fatal defect in the theory and reasoning of the evolutionist. It is when we calmly consider that question, upon purely scientific grounds, that one is astonished at the assumption which can maintain such theories, by the persistent study of, and reasoning from, one set of facts, to the utter neglect of another class of truths which have at least equal claim to recognition.

Goethe has well said

"Nothing is more frightful than active ignorance."

Dr. Peabody, of Harvard, on this point very justly says:

"Hypothesis is, of course, not science, though it seems as though scientific men sometimes think that it is. It may be reasonable and likely, but if large portions of the laws or phenomena which it ought to include are inaccessible, by reason of time or space, it is beyond the domain of science. It cannot be employed in argument, and has no validity as against ascertained facts."

"In these days Christianity is set aside, and the being of a God

ignored chiefly in the name and at the behest of theories, which if destined to live, are still on trial for their lives, and are not unlikely to follow the long line of their predecessors into an unhonored oblivion."—*Article in Princeton Review.*

Let us ask some questions of those who hold and proclaim the doctrines of the materialists, and affirm the self-existence of organisms. They are as old as the theories of the monistic philosophy which are but echoes from the ancients after all.

Was indefinite power inherent in non-living matter to become living structure when it chose?

Can any combination or adjustment of atoms render the non-vital, a vital body, except it pass under the control of matter endowed with the vital property? And when the combination breaks up into its organic elements, that we know full well, is the act of death.

By whatever power the universe was wrought, was there not a period when dead matter had to receive a new property, and once given, can it repeat itself without the action of the same power?

If matter under the influence of any of the non-vital forces, did assume life in the beginning of things, why is not that miracle repeated all around us, and everywhere? Yet what art can construct a single cell? Who can show us albuminoid compounds or any other combinations taking by force the mystery of life, or receiving it other than as a gift from some practice endowed with the wondrous secret of constructive force which we term vitality?

All the skill of man and the wealth of the world are powerless to call into being a single cell.

Mivart, himself, no small contributor to our store of information, acknowledges that the origin of species cannot be explained by the action of natural selection alone, in eliminating variations unfavorable to survival, so long as their occurrence takes place as it were, at random, but that there must have been at least a preponderance in one definite direction, impressed upon these variations, through some laws as yet unknown. And what is that, after all, but the admission of directive power?

Do the facts so laboriously accumulated, and marshalled with such ingenuity, authorize us with certainty to predicate that modification will proceed in a given direction, indefinitely for ages,

without turning to right or left, until one species shall by transmutation, have become another? Is this susceptible of demonstration, or is it imagination?

Quatrefages has happily asked:

"If harmony is once established between organisms and their surroundings, could selection result other than in consolidating and preserving it?"

It is familiar to all, that nothing but the greatest care can preserve the acquired forms in any given species, which have been artificially developed by man. On the contrary, all experience proves a return to the original type as soon as conditions favor.

Is there not a mountain of difficulty which has never yet been levelled in the very existence of species? While using the term and professing even to account for the origin of species, materialists shun an inquiry into its essence, and avoid a precise definition of the word.

It is no answer to raise a clamor over the differing views of naturalists in assigning place and relationship to obscure and doubtful forms of animal or vegetable life. The primary laws of physiology have set the organic bounds. Variations or races of one species, may develop mongrels freely among themselves, or when conjoined with the parent stock, but between species, there is mutual sterility.

Quatrefages, the eminent professor of anthropology in the Museum of Natural History of Paris, justly inquires:

"Whence arises the sterility which separates species?"—*The Human Species*, p. 100. If the theory of evolution can account for all the facts before us, pray tell us at what point in its history does a developed variety cease to be fertile with the parent species, and thus put on the full toga of the individuality of its new kind? Who, indeed, has witnessed such a phenomenon?

Darwin's answer when questioned upon the mutual sterility of species, one of the primordial facts of natural history, is that it "has been produced incidentally during their gradual formation, and is connected with some unknown modification of their organization."

Again let us ask if this is science, or is it imagination?

It requires not only the possibility, but the absolute certainty of this transmutation, to form the foundation of the great superstructure of evolution.

Once more, Quatrefages declares, that if we ask for any example of the links which ought to unite parent species with their derivatives, according to the theory of the evolutionists, they cannot exhibit one. "They admit their inability: but they reply that the extinct fauna and flora have left very few remains; that we only know a small part of these ancient archives; that the facts which favor their doctrine are doubtless buried under the waves with submerged continents, &c. And Darwin with Arcadian simplicity, says: 'This manner of treating the question diminishes the difficulties considerably, if it does not cause them to disappear entirely.'" *Ibid*, p. 101.

Have we a right to regard a problem as solved, for the very reason that we have not the necessary facts for its solution?

Again, how is the Darwinian theory to explain the isolation of groups of specific animals in various quarters of the globe, from the earliest ages of the world? How is it, that there is no elephant in South America, and no sloth in Africa, no camel in North America no poached animal in Europe, no giraffe in Asia? Why, indeed should there have been no cosmopolitan mammal in existence, man excepted, unless we rank as such the whale of the great seas. With soil and climate, with comparative latitude and moisture, altitude and temperature so much alike in numerous instances, who can point out adequate environments, in the language of the day, to establish these rigid lines of organic order?

To the declaration that no new animals are known to have been developed from any existing species during the period in which man has preserved a historic record, it is replied that for the great work of evolution, indefinite and unlimited time may be assumed, and thousands of millions of years if need be, are discussed as probable, with a fine contempt of less imaginative minds.

But at this point, another class of scientists step in to protest against such wild vagaries. Physicists like Sir William Thomson, Prof. Tait and others point out the many indications of the cooling of the earth, with the probability that if we could retrace its history, from the present rate of cooling, its mass would have been found to be a molten globe at white heat, on the very threshold of the long geological period demanded by evolutionists.

Again they tell us that there is reason to believe that the rotation

of the earth on her axis is less rapid than formerly, and if we assume the immense increase of rapidity required to project its formation so far back in time, it could not in its molten condition have assumed the shape in which we know that it is modeled. Others again point to the enormous loss of caloric from the sun, and reiterate the declaration that terrestrial time can not have existed, as required by the hypothesis of evolution.

Not to linger by the way among many inquiries springing up at the intersection of all the sciences with evolutionary theory, and all unanswered by the materialists, which will so readily occur to you, let us consider for a moment the proposed genealogy of man.

Haeckel announces that

"The human race is a branch of the catarrhine group; man was developed in the old world, and sprang from apes of this group, which have long been extinct." — *Haeckel, Evolution of Man.*

Darwin, indeed, assigns the ancestor of man to the group of catarrhine apes with tails, thus reducing him to a place below the highest order of apes to-day.

By the hypothesis of Haeckel as developed with infinite labor and marvellous ingenuity in his *Evolution of Man*, there are twenty-one stages between the formless floating bit of protoplasm which he terms the *mowra*, an albuminoid compound of carbon, up to a hypothetical pithecid man, who had not speech, nor perhaps, development of self-consciousness.

We have neither time or inclination to follow him through the windings of the ascending labyrinth. It is enough to remind you that he is driven to place in some of the stages purely imaginary creatures such as the *sorwra*, and the *gastroid*, and altogether has arrayed before us a panoramic display of the imagination of the very mind that he ignores.

But there is one detail of anatomical interest, which so illustrates the hasty reasoning and the credulous acceptance of whatever seems to favor the theory of evolution, which marks some men of science, that it may be of interest to pause and observe upon what uncertain data a great biologist may poised himself, for insolent scorn of those whom he conceives too blind and ignorant to follow him to the wells of truth.

Both Darwin and Haeckel derive man from the apes, or *simiæ*.

which they connect next in the downward scale with the *prosimia*; that is to say, animals of the type of the lemur of Madagascar, which has a superficial resemblance to the ape.

It should be noted that the declared basis of comparison throughout the series which Haeckel presents as our true genealogy, is the *embryogenesis*. It is the development of the embryo, that is, the one thread which leads him step by step back into the council of the Fates.

Accordingly, we recognize the division of all the mammalia into the non-placental or marsupial animals, and the higher placental. Again, all the placental mammals are divided into those possessing only a simple diffuse placenta in which the tufts of the blood-vessels appear upon the entire surface of the foetal envelop, like that of the whale or the sloth, or the ruminant animals; or those which have a double placenta, half being derived from the mother and half from the foetal envelope, the membrane uniting these, being known as the *decidua*.

Rising higher in the scale, the deciduous placenta may assume a girdle like form (*zonoplacentals*), or may appear in disc-like shape (*disco-placentals*) which is the higher form that we find in the *rodentia*, in apes, and in man.

Haeckel has placed the lemur-like animals in our ancestry, and among the disco-placental animals, with the highest class of the *deciduata*.

He has been so impressed with the importance of this group as to conclude that the ancient home of the first men was in some vast continent now submerged under the Indian Ocean, and which he entitles *Lemuria*, the animals of the lemur type being confined to its islands and adjacent coasts.

But unfortunately for the theory, lemurs brought from Madagascar by Grandidier, have now been examined by competent anatomists, who tell us that the lemur possesses only a single diffuse placenta like the sloth or the whale, and does not belong to the deciduous group at all, much less to its highest division.

Again we ask, is this science,—this eternal round of affirmation and argument based upon the unknown?

It may be answered, that Haeckel was simply mistaken in his genealogical arrangement. Certainly it is a matter of slight

importance comparatively, as to what are the precise links in that chain, if it is veritable truth that we are bound irrevocably by it, to the ape, the worm, nay, to the filth of the gutter as one and indivisible with us, in essence of being.

But I have taken, perhaps, too great a liberty of detail on this point, in order to sound a warning against a too ready acceptance of even what are supposed to be the facts of evolutionary science. Time will doubtless reveal the hollow character of much that is yet a fair and pleasing show of truth.

We need not feel any sentimental dislike to the idea that we have descended from apes, if it can be shown that the Creator who made us of the dust of the earth ; that is to say, our mortal bodies out of the chemical elements about us, chose to prepare that animated dust by ages of animal life. There can be nothing intrinsically degraded in that which a God has fashioned into being.

We need not trouble our minds concerning the dignity of our ancestral line, or its humility, and may cheerfully, nay reverently accept it, when proved, as part of His work.

But the primary question is, has it been proved ?

Even upon the examination of the physical frame, we must deny it.

It is a principle of the highest importance to evolutionists, that no organized being can be a descendant of another whose development occurs in inverse order to its own. It is evident that a turning back from the direction assumed by the evolutionary forces at random would reduce all things to chaos, or if the reversal were the result of adaptation, the result reached must be a degradation instead of elevation and development of the original type.

But a reversal of the *order* of development is emphatically the case as between man and the apes. Not to accumulate details, let us observe, for example, that the sphenoidal angle of Virchow diminishes in man from the time of his birth, but in the ape it is always increasing throughout life.—*Quatrefages, The Human Species*, p. 110.

But as especially in point, let us note, if we appeal to the embryogeny which is the rock and fortress of development, that in the ape, the temporal sphenoidal convolutions which form the middle lobe of the brain, not only appear, but are completed before the

anterior convolutions which form the frontal lobe. On the contrary, in man the frontal convolutions are the first to appear, and those of the middle lobe, make their appearance later, as is familiar to biologists.

Huxley has fairly acknowledged, that "every bone of the gorilla bears a mark by which it can be distinguished from the corresponding human bone."

No where upon the earth, or under its surface has any trace of ape-man been found. If we grant eighty thousand years to the anthropologists for the term of man's acknowledged life upon earth (for no one contends for the reality of the old time supposed chronology of six thousand years,) and if we examine the skulls of the cave-dwelling man, or the lake-loving inhabitant of Europe,—he who lived when the mammoth and the cave-bear, the hyena, the aurochs and the rein-deer roamed over the plains of France and Germany, we shall find in them nothing resembling the ape.

However distinct the racial characteristics in that elder man, who lived so long before the historic period, who has left his rude sculpture and drawing, his implements of stone, the remains of his dwellings and his feasts, and even the trophies of his marksmanship behind,—always and forever, it is the skeleton of man that is before us; rugged, strong, and savage-like doubtless, but indubitably man.

In the oldest remains of man which are now even assigned to the tertiary period, nothing whatever appears to bridge the enormous chasm in structure between the best of apes and rudest man.

So wide is the difference that if the volume of brain of the anthropoid apes be represented by ten, you are aware that that of the savage man would be twenty-six as an average expression, and in civilized mankind, it would reach thirty-two.

We need not linger upon minor difficulties, such as the development of a walking animal out of one who already possessed the power of climbing, or the loss of the covering of hair upon the back, the most unprotected part of the body, and the forlorn condition of the human infant, the most helpless of beings for so prolonged a period, armed only with a cry to awaken the better part of man.

All these things are mere subsidiary questions. The *physical*

difference between man and any form of the brute creation sinks into insignificance when we consider that which our fathers firmly believed to be the immortal part, the mind and the soul.

Materialists, it is true, assert that these have no existence except as functions of the animal body, and die with it, thus placing conscience on a par with the saliva, or the highest sense of moral obligation, and loftiest devotion to honor, on the same plane with the bile.

Nothing is to be recognized as existing except that which may be measured with the five senses. What! We may willingly accept the evidence of one or two senses involving the special action of portions of the brain, and cannot receive as true the knowledge which the whole spontaneous action of the brain has attested among all men, in all ages.

It is pleasing to trace the web of ratiocination by which Herbert Spencer would spin the moral endowments of man from the social instincts of the brute. To the ingenuity which has wrought out the conception, we must award our admiration, but again do we return to our question; is this science or imagination?

If this enormous transition from instinct to morality has occurred, it must have been an event of exceedingly modern date in the history of development, it must have been, we repeat, one of the recent, indeed the greatest of recent evolutionary changes, and yet no race on this globe where man has been found master of its remotest wilds, has ever been discovered in an intermediate mental condition, between man and brute, as a relâe of its occurrence, nor does tradition point to any such event.

The earliest men, according to the legends of their fathers, have everywhere descended from the gods; not ascended from the beasts. It is freely admitted that savages, however degraded and forlorn, have always human capacities and may be educated in a manner and to an extent, of which any animal whatsoever is incapable.

The entrance of that principle, which we call the moral sense, and for the existence of which, against the drowsy negation of the materialist our consciousness contends, changes the whole aspect of creation. The consciousness of personal existence which every man bears in his bosom, the sense of right and wrong, the ever present feeling of dependence upon a power higher than self, change the relations of the Creator to the creature.

The blind following of immutable attractions which the evolutionist preaches, (and which is nothing but the ancient dream of Empedocles, to explain all things by the workings of affection and strife, which were his names for the modern attraction and repulsion) is now replaced by obedience in willing service to the power higher than man “ which maketh for righteousness.” This introduces prayer as a possible element in the moral life, and if possible, Tyndall to the contrary, it becomes obligatory upon the creature to seek intercourse with the Creator.

This feeling of dependence is asserted in the testimony of all human history. All mythologies, from Buddha to Jove, from Astarte to Odin, attest that wherever man is, he conceives, like the Indian, a Great Spirit in the element about him. In proportion as our knowledge extends from year to year, among the obscure races, is this truth more absolutely verified. Man did not create this feeling, and its universality proves that it has not been reached by a process of reflection among the higher races. Is it not rather the signet of God upon all the creatures to whom he has given a spark of the Divine essence?

Prof. Allman courageously declared before the Biological Section of the British Association :

“ All science is but the intercalation of causes—each more comprehensive than that which it has to account for—between the great primal cause and the ultimate effect. For the cause of these causes we seek in vain among all the physical forces which surround us, until we are at last compelled to rest upon an independent volition—a far-seeing intelligent design.”—*Prof. Allman’s Address to Biological Section of British Association, 1873. Quoted in Littell, 1652.*

Wallace has very pertinently asked : “ How could the struggle for existence, the victory of the most fitted, and natural selection give any aid to the development of the mental faculties, such as ideal conceptions of space and time, of eternity and infinity, the artistic feeling, or abstract ideas of number and form ? ”

Nor can a moral sense in the savage be accounted for by philosophic considerations of utility, individual or collective. How shall we explain the Indian’s determination to endure the stake, rather than forfeit his word ?

Truly, Plutarch spoke well, when he declared that you cannot find a city without a temple !

A fine thinker remarks :

" As the theory of evolution stops of its own accord at the origin of all things—at the primary mystery of life, so it stops, against its will, at the mystery of life everywhere.—*Rev. Wm. Kirkus' Sermon at Mt. Calvary Church, Baltimore, 1877.*

Within every one of us, there are forces other than mechanical. What we call the will, defies analysis, and stands out as a distinct element, not a mode of motion, " or a form of solar heat. And history is a record of what has happened when the living *will* of each individual comes into contact with nature and with other *wills*."

But the materialist with a fine scorn of knowledge which has not been weighed in scales, or demonstrated at the point of a knife, demands, what is mind—what is soul—what after all is life ?

The honest answer must be, we do not know what life is, but must we therefore disbelieve its existence ?

You believe in gravitation, O scientist, but can you tell what is the essence of that harness of the coursing planets to the chariot of the sun ?

Do you understand how the play of the waves of ether in magnetism holds the solid steel against that planetary force which you call gravitation ?

Why deny the special quality of life, when before us it pumps every ounce of blood in perpetual warfare against that gravity which you accept, and even lays its hand upon the play of chemical affinity, until the hour of doom has struck ?

Alas, there is only too much in science, even as you acknowledge it, which in truth we do not know, in the sense of physical demonstration.

Have we not seen the most cherished hypotheses, and the facts best established as men supposed, vanish away like a vision of the night, and leave not a wreck behind ?

What do we know to-day of the absolute truth of the notation we employ ? Are the elements one or many ? There are those who claim that all are forms of one.

Can astronomy number all the stars, or furnish a conception of the shape of the universe ?

Can we follow with our senses the undulations of light, with their mathematical demand for millions of vibrations in a minute; or on the other hand, have we ears or mental perceptions attuned to the possible effect in nature of vibrations synchronous with centuries, and playing upon space as upon the harp of fate?

In our own bodies, what do we know of the genesis of nerve-force?

And we ask concerning the great problems of the very existence of space without matter occupying it, which some men of science deny, or of the origin of matter, the beginning of force, the possibility of natural law?

It lies not in the mouth of exact science, to demand of us, what is the soul of man.

On the contrary, it is evidence of the highest science, to accept the existence of man's spirit, as a gift from a Divine Father, as the only possibility of explaining the moral phenomena of life and history, which physical law is powerless to control.

What! will you tell us that the floods of poetic power which surged through the brain of Milton as his blind eyes saw the grand drama of Paradise, was in no wise different from the force that dashes the sea wave upon the shores of the Cape Fear; or that the wise words of Hippocrates were as much the mere play of atomic movement, as the restless current of the Blowing Rock of Watauga—with no more of personality in the bard or the sage, than in the salt waves and the streaming wind? Is it so—then of the unnumbered millions of earth, why have we had but one Milton?

Yet a great man, who stands in the front rank of psychology to-day, and whose authority is esteemed of the highest rank, not only among specialists who treat the insane, but throughout the medical world (I refer to Maudsley) has lent the keenest weapons of his acute intellect to the service of materialism.

In his view, the will is nothing but the appetite or liking put into action after deliberation, and is the necessary result of the combined operation of the several conditions of sensation and feeling which have preceded.

Are men, therefore, not only physical, but mental and moral automata, played upon by the winds of blind force, like to the fitful strains of the æolian harp in the evening breeze?

Then indeed, is immortality a dream, God a fancy, and all before us—a void of annihilation.

Maudsley declares :

“ It would appear that the doctrine of free will, like some other doctrines that have done their work, and then, being no longer of any use, have undergone decay,—was necessary to promote the evolution of mankind up to a certain stage. * * *

The notion of free will and its responsibilities was necessary therefore, and perhaps still is, to make for him a higher necessity than the necessity of his passions, but it does not follow that it is necessary for him whom Confucius would have described as the sage or superior person, who looks to the endless consequences of his actions.”

Alas to what do “the endless consequences of his actions” amount, if there is no line between right and wrong, no sense of duty and endowment of will to fearlessly choose it.

Was it a mere animal liking, put into action after deliberation, that tore Regulus from a desparing wife’s embrace, and impelled his weary feet back to African torture and death ? See him plead with a Roman Senate, for his country and against himself. Aye, let us learn even of pagan Carthage, how to believe in the sentiment of honor in man, and a will beyond an appetite, even of life.

Have we no parallel in modern times ? Was it base appetite in the soul of Robert Lee, when with heart wrung in its inmost fibres, he bade farewell to the comrades of a life time, and to the traditions of a past illumined by his ancestral history, to carve out another destiny for himself and his people, under the Southern Cross. What made it possible to that heroic spirit, to raise the sword against a thousand friends, but the sublime exaltation of soul in response to the call he recognized, of the highest duty ?

Was it for a liking that Sir Thomas Moore laid his head upon the block ?

Was it appetite that gave *will* to the dying Sidney to refuse that cup of water, when he saw another’s need greater than his own ; yea, even, though it were more precious than all the diamonds of the East ?

How many pages have we in these days, to explain and exalt the mind, and the affections of the *lower animal* kingdom, while the lofty abstractions of Truth and Goodness are passed by !

Carpenter has, perhaps, more than any other medical writer, exhibited the part played by automatism in our wondrous framework. Such, for example, is the primary automatism which is displayed in the ceaseless beating of the heart, and the performance of many animal functions, wisely secured from neglect, and operated without calling the brain from its task of response to the mind where the will is brought into action.

Akin to this is the secondary automatism which he recognizes in the educated coördination of muscular action, as in the art of the rapid penman or skilful musician.

Nor can we deny that there are lower mental processes which partake of the same apparently mechanical character, as when one copies a manuscript, or continues to count and record, while he answers at the same time with intelligence, questions in no way connected with his labors.

But in the highest manifestation of power, Carpenter concedes, and even insists upon the causative power of the human *will*, and the self-determined condition of the individual man in the exercise of that will, and appeals to the evidence in the common consciousness of mankind.

The theory of the possibility of unconscious cerebration comprehends such mental action as takes place when the sensorium is in a condition of torpor, or is non-receptive as regards sensible changes, and therefore may be viewed as analogous to automatic muscular movement. This doctrine is only another effort to peep behind the curtain of the mysteries perpetually associated with the human brain.

Science is daily triumphing in discovery among the objects around us, and the new path of to-day leads to fresh fields to-morrow. Why should we imagine that we have numbered all the faculties of the mind, or dream that we have yet fathomed the capacities of the soul?

Many phenomena go to show that the mind possesses working powers which can combine and even devise, without consciousness; at any rate, we have mental results presented to us, without our cognition of the steps leading to the same.

Observe for example, that after the anxious search of fifteen years, Sir Wm. Hamilton tells us that the brilliant mathematical discovery of the method of *quaternions*, was suddenly and even

instantaneously revealed to him, while walking one day, engaged in other thoughts: and that it happened just as he reached Brougham Bridge, on the 16th October, 1844. The precise spot and moment of this mental achievement are fixed. The whole history of scientific invention bristles with such facts.

If unconscious cerebration is true, if the mind may sometimes labor without a record in the consciousness of the passing minutes, is it not possible, that as concerning thoughts yet farther removed from sensible impressions, the spiritual element of man may wing its way into the infinite: or at least if linked and bound in a mysterious way to its yoke-fellow, the body, during this life, it may yet be empowered to reach forth and grasp conceptions beyond the scope of the lower, material organism?

Thus, the idea of time is presented, and to the mind the multitudinous seas of eternity appear—but our feeble senses do not follow, no more than they can count the infinite in number, or span the infinite in space.

Not a few among able physiologists assert that we have no satisfactory ground for concluding that cerebral action covers the whole domain of thought and the phenomena referred to the soul of man.

It has been happily said

“ Those things that we love with the purest and most perfect love are invisible. The soul, itself an unseen presence, opens its affections most fully towards unseen realities—to the beauty of the spiritual life, to the character in the face of a friend, to Him whom having not seen, we love! The hearth of our abiding friendships and immortal joys is in the unseen world!”—*Newman Smyth, The Religious Feeling*, p. 170.

Startled by the advance of the materialistic philosophy among the medical men of a certain section of opinion, the *Lancet* builds a triumphant defence of faith from the stand-point of their own philosophic position.

“ The larger part of mankind would not exhibit faith, religion would not be found to become increasingly spiritual with the growth of intellect in the development of races and peoples, and man as an animal would not be gifted with faculties, a mind, and aspirations, connecting his hopes and fears, his motives and his impulses, with another life and another world, if there were no other life or state of existence to call forth these qualities.

"It is a fundamental law of Realism and evolutionary Materialism that the developmental impulse springs from the surroundings. If these require the development of a particular organ or faculty, it grows in obedience to the need of circumstances, which acts as a stimulus.

This law applies to the development of faith in man, and to the growth of his spiritual nature, not less than to the parts of his organism. If there were no object to inspire and attract faith, that form of mental energy would not exist."—*London Lancet*, July 12, 1879.

It is Goethe who has somewhere said

"Truth need not always be embodied ; enough if it hover around like a spiritual essence, which gives one peace, and fills the atmosphere with a solemn sweetness, like the harmonious music of bells."

The mystery of human personality is an absolute bar to the progress of the materialist. Who does not recognize the utter unlikeness, as a personal entity of any one of the millions of earth to another. I do not refer to physical appearance merely, but to mental and moral influence—that subtle something which confers an unbroken and continuous individuality.

Perhaps by none can this every day fact be more fully realized, than by the physician, whose daily work lies among the insane, those waifs of humanity, whose wayward minds are

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune."

If I may quote language applied by your speaker, on another occasion, let us inquire :

"Can the mind suffer disease ? Then it is pierced with mortal taint, and will surely die, beyond hope of resurrection. Thousands of men come back to life and happiness, after what some would even call the death of mind. Why are they not new men, who have passed out of the insane wards, if the soul is a secretion of the brain ? How is it possible that each man, who has truly recovered, comes back to his own identity ?

"Who has ever found himself or recognized another as a new being, gifted with a separate and independent mind, after the passage through a season of lunacy, even of years ? Voice, expression, language, views, tastes, education ;—whatever individualizes or differentiates one man from another, comes back to stamp

him as such a creature of God, his Maker, and no other."—*Border-Land of Insanity*.

Even the Epicureans considered man as a distinct personal creation, the child of a personal God—and the provoking of human reverence for the image of ideal perfection in the unknown God thus shadowed forth, was the loftiest element of their philosophy.

The Stoic could not do without a Divinity who should ordain the fates, which it became man to obey, without a smile or a tear.

The Academic, in the spirit of the practical economist, sought a personal divinity as a foundation for religion of some kind,—for to him religion was essential as a bond with which to hold society and the State together.

It has been reserved for scholars and scientists living in the blaze of the nineteenth century, to deny the being of God, and the existence of moral duty. What is the effect upon lower minds throughout the serried ranks of teeming populations? Whence arose the spirit of communism, growling like the wolf, about every capital city of Europe, and only biding the hour of national calamity?

If men are taught by philosophers that they are indistinguishable in being from the brutes, why wonder at those who believe, and turn to their animal instincts, to live the life of the brute? Well may Haeckel writhe under the rebuke of Virchow, who revealed the abyss of social destruction under Germany, as by a lightning flash.

As the French Revolution was but the drama, of which the philosophy of Voltaire recited the prologue, so is the terrific phenomenon of nihilism in Russia to-day, the outcome of teaching which is wanting even in the morals of paganism.

Witness the spectacle of a people, who suffer some wrongs and deprivations,—but on the whole are advancing in personal freedom as rapidly as our English ancestors in their day,—listening to the diabolic teaching of destruction to all things, even to the bare foundation of human society: hearkening to men who say that property is robbery, and that the strong have the right to slay the weak—and to women who fling scorn upon consecrated marriage, as an obsolete bar to the indulgence of passions, held in common with the brute.

Is this to what modern society is drifting, while it lulls conscience

to sleep, with the poppies of natural selection, and atomic likes and dislikes, and its theories that all phenomena and all conduct consist purely of molecular movement under conditions immutably fixed by some fetish, termed the law of nature? An Arnold may sell his country, a Borgia may poison a friend, a Judas may betray his Master, and yet these deeds of darkness have no more moral quality or tinge of guilt than the sweep of the butterfly's wing, or the smile on the lips of the sleeping babe.

Never,—this monstrous delusion must pass away. We know that we are personal beings. We feel that to eat and drink, to play and sleep and die, like the animals about us, does not and cannot include the greater life—the inner world, in which we more truly exist. We know that we must account for the deeds done in the body, or else the fact of conscience is the deepest mystery imbedded in creation.

Walter Bagehot, (in whose untimely death we have lost so much,) who accepted the belief of the evolution of the lower creation under the control of a great Disposing Power, remarks in his essay on Bishop Butler:

“ In every step of religious argument, we require the assumption, the faith, if the word is better, in an absolutely perfect Being: *in* by whom we are, who is omnipotent as well as most holy. If we grant this, the difficulty of the opposition between the natural religion and the supernatural religion is removed.

“ It follows from the very definition of an infinitely perfect Being, that he is within us as well as without us, ruling the fears and thoughts of men, as well as the clouds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, warning with the pain of conscience as well as smiling through the smile of nature. If we assume this, life is simple; without this, all is dark.”

Principal Tulloch, in a spirit of elevated philosophy, declares:

“ If sin represents a fact in human experience, it cannot be explained as a transformed shape of some antecedent state of existence. Were this true, even though it were a morbid or a parasitic growth, it would no more call for remorse or penitence or judgment, than the gall apple on the oak or water on the brain.

“ But the attempt to eliminate the consciousness of sin from human consciousness is as ineffectual as the attempt to eliminate the

sense of cause and effect, or of hope and fear. It has been found in all ages, and developed as the life of the race developed. It is as universal, nay more so, than the feeling for art, the thirst for knowledge, or the life of the imagination.

"In the early history of every nation, there is a sense that its guilt or goodness will be shared by all. Then appears the doctrine of punishment for expiation, or of sacrifice. Finally, it is seen that sin and suffering are themselves distinct, and expiation is connected with a voluntary act of more than human love, rather than by the punishment of arbitrary victims.

"This exhibits an evolution of idea that cannot be a mere growth of *more* organized out of *less* organized structures, but rather exhibits a gradual revelation of divine purposes, but dimly discerned in the earlier stages of human life."—*Little's Living Age*, No. 1662, p. 181.

Up to this point of reflection, we have not considered any argument for the certainty of Divine existence and control, other than the appeal from the deductions of human reason.

But it cannot be believed that the all-powerful, and all-benificent Being, whom alone we can conceive as the God of such majesty and of such goodness as we see displayed about us, could have left his creatures without a distinct revelation of His will for their moral government, founded in immutable injustice and everlasting love.

It is not for me to essay the task of pointing out the authority of Christian Revelation by the variety of its historic descent, the god-like truths which it reveals, or the transformation of man which it effects.

A reverent faith in the works of the Son of Man harmonizes in everything with what we really know of his Father's works. Who can unravel the mysteries of motion with a more gigantic intellect than Newton?

Who was a more diligent student of physics than Brewster? Who a more faithful embryologist than Agassiz? Yet each and all of these have bowed at the foot-stool of God clothed with humanity.

Voltaire laughed at the Bible because it declared the existence of light before the creation of the sun, and esteemed his sneer unanswerable. Yet science assures us now of the creation of light,

in the vibration of nebulous matter filling the whole orbit of the earth before the sun was condensed, and would fain prove to us that the arrest of the converging motion of a nebula like the sun would store up the reserve of solar heat, which is the fountain of force upon the earth. According to the latest theories, all the force upon our globe is but the changed motion given by God to His creation as he launched it into space.

May I be indulged in a brief extract from one who has well spoken the thought which your speaker would convey :

“ One might as reasonably assert that the rock of St. Helena was evolved out of the waves and a change in the weather, as imagine that the substantial and exalted faiths of Jesus and His disciples were but the products of the melting currents and changing fortunes of the world, against which they stood up with their firm certainties.

“ Modern science chooses as its guiding faith the law of continuity * * * * * but the law of the continuity of mental and moral forces would be snapped, and history made a strange patchwork, if we were to suppose that the mind that was in Judaism ever produced the mind that was in Jesus.

“ When I can see a rose growing in the desert, and forming its depths of pure color out of the grains of yellow sand ; when I can see a wheat field ripening in the furrows of the salt waves ; when I can believe that the villagers among the hills of New Hampshire with their wagons and pickaxes gathered the stones, and heaped up the massive peak of Mount Washington ; then, but not until then, can I believe that the thoughts of the disciples invented the deeds and the glory of Jesus Christ ; * * * * * the Christ whose glorious majesty, still unequalled and illimitable, looks down our low estate, and proclaims itself to be the mighty work of God !”—*Newman Smyth*.

My brethren of the medical art in North Carolina, in departing from the usual address before your body, upon the familiar topics of medical history or of technical improvement, to ask you to consider the grave inquiries placed before you, I am obeying a voice from the grave.

Since you last assembled the sod has covered the breast of one of

England's most eminent physicians, and one of the most devoted sons of science. An investigator of high distinction, and an editor of the first medical authority in the world, he left a last legacy to the medical profession, in the following lines, which he requested his brethren of the *Lancet* to publish, whenever angina pectoris should strike his death blow:

"I die a Christian, in the now, I fear, much despised sense of that term, a simple believer in Jesus Christ as a personal living and loving Saviour, without any righteousness of my own, but perfect and secure in His; and that 'I know in whom I believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him until that day.'"

The touching comment by his editorial comrade, upon these solemn and pathetic words from beyond the veil, is written as follows:

"The physician who in his own person consciously bears about with him the poignard that shall put a period to his existence, even feels its sharp point at his heart; knows when and how it will strike him; sees the shadow of death thrown distinctly across his path, by each gleam of the sunshine so joyous to those around him. The man who being thus haunted, is not all his lifetime subject to bondage, must have that within him which surpasses mere human strength, or be steeped in a Lethe of forgetfulness impossible to understand.

"We know the treasures of knowledge acquired by such men are not lost, but their own share of the fruits of labor—what becomes of that? Why are they deprived of their reward?

"Questions like these will rise unbidden in the mind; in days of narrow-minded and short-sighted materialism, when scientists seem to exult in destroying the fond hope of immortality, while they have nothing to offer in the stead of this aspiration: when there is a growing disposition to scoff at all that lies beyond the horizon of sense, or outside Nature, and it is counted a triumph of intellect to believe in nothing which cannot be demonstrated by the puny appliances and processes science has already discovered—it is unwise to rebuke these questionings of the inner soul of man, a veritable entity, albeit the principle we *feel* within is not to be laid bare by the scalpel of the anatomist, or brought under the physiologists ken.

" In the name of science and humanity, let us have more of this spirit of hope and purpose and confidence in the Future, for it enables men to bear the ills of life placidly, to do its work honestly and earnestly ; it cheers the spirit in life, and helps it to gaze calmly on the dread visage of Death, and to meet him cheerfully in the hour of his triumph." * * * * — *London Lancet*, June 14, 1879.

" The time has come to speak out boldly on this subject, and we are persuaded the good sense and self-respect of the profession will approve the protest against that spirit of restless antagonism to the claims of religion which has unhappily obtained fuller expression in a small section of our ranks during the last few years, and which if not repudiated, must be expected to increase. * * *

We agree that the physician should not usurp the functions of the minister of religion, but he is forbidden by the spirit of manliness, to take refuge in the opposite extreme of moral cowardice, with a pretence of indifference." — *Lancet*, July 12, 1879.

These words, wrung from the aching heart of the friend and colleague of Tilbury Fox, strike the key note of that strain of thought, to which I have ventured to ask you to lend your sympathy.

Oh ! it is not the physician, who daily walks among the mysteries that underlie all our social life, who sees the human heart bare in the very crisis of fate, who wipes the sweat of mortal anguish from the brow, who witnesses the punishment of God's own messenger in the remorse of the convict, who shudders at the depths of despair in the maniac's cry, who struggles by the new-made mother at the very jaws of death, and hears the entreaty of soul even through the thickening terrors that enshroud that feeble body, as she cries, " Save my child, whether I perish or no !" — it is not such a man, surely, who can believe that man is but a beast, and spirit but a dream.

The physician enters the inmost sanctuary of home-life. He is a partaker in its brightest hopes, or its most agonizing fears. He is the confidant of its dearest secrets, and the stay and comforter of its darkest hours. How his heart rejoices with those whom his art restores again to health and strength ; with the sufferer for long years, relieved by the surgeon's knife ; or with the young parents filled with unspeakable joy at the music of the new-born babe.

How the soul is stirred in sympathy within him, as he beholds the

maniac clothed again in the panoply of reason, and welcomed to a mother's bosom or a father's arms of protecting love.

Alas, the physician must turn from scenes of delight like these, to watch the step of the destroyer, noiseless and resistless, day by day : to see that pallid shade steal over the face of a friend, perhaps a life-long and devoted companion, to whom he must announce the sentence of departure ; and when all is over, to mingle his grief with the orphan's sorrow, at the edge of the opened grave.

Dealing with the most solemn, the most mysterious and sacred problem of mortal life, and privileged beyond all others in the knowledge of the bodies of men around us, can it be possible that our task is wholly done, when we have wrought with our hands upon the body, like some artisan adjusting the wheels of some inert machine ? Is it all, to physic or carve the body of man as a mere animal, regardless of his nobler part, like unto the jeweller who engraves his gold ?

No, the noblest minds of the profession have ever felt that the moral influence of the physician is inseparable from his healing art. Not a few in our crowded towns, or in secluded country homes rarely attend Christian worship, and to them the face of the medical visitor is as the countenance of a missionary of good—the most elevated influence that reaches them, in the midst, perhaps, of ignorance, poverty or wretchedness.

The moral influence of the physician must be an enormous social force. It radiates by the bedside, and attends upon his footsteps in his daily rounds. By its purity and devotion to the loftiest interest of man, it will lift fellow-men to higher and nobler lives ; or alas in its pride and vanity, it will deaden the faith and chill the hopes of those whose bodies he would cure.

Jeremy Taylor quaintly but beautifully said :

“ And what greater measure can we have *than*, that we should bring joy to our brother, who, with his dreary eyes, looks to heaven and round about and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together--*than*, that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease ; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the poison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by

little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel."

But the moral influence of the physicians of our land must be invoked, for its exercise on a wider plane than ever, for the preservation of society against the inroads of doctrines that threaten to reduce all limits and conditions, and all law human or Divine, to chaos. Since it is under the pretence of demonstration by anatomical science that materialism is preparing to rend asunder the bonds of society, a special responsibility has fallen upon the profession, to rebuke these plunderers of the heritage of faith, and with due humility, but unflinching courage, to defend the treasures of revelation and eternal hope.

The moral plague has already reached the shores of America, and unlike its physical prototype, finds its victims first among the cultured, and the men of great, if unsymmetrical learning. From the extraordinary freedom of our social economy, it must be expected to spread with more or less rapidity, and perhaps to reach an enormous development in the coming generation.

When a whole people shall believe, if the materialists succeed, that they are but special and elevated beasts, born of the ancestry of the brute, and destined to die the death of the beast, unto utter annihilation, then will they complete the logical chain, and live the life of the beasts that perish. Humanity sickens at the contemplation of such a world as would inevitably result.

Who knows but that this day which seems to us so full of excitement and excess and feverish unrest, years to come may be looked back upon, as the golden era of content! What indeed would become of whatsoever things are of good report, in an age which regarded the theories of materialism as the highest truth! What would be the wild pulse of a world lashed to fever heat, in the mere dread and terrible struggle for existence, that the fittest, that is the fiercest and most brutal, may survive!

What a dissolving panorama of the destruction of the noblest monument of man rises before the mind. Religion, literature, philanthropy and art slowly vanishing away—confidence leaving the marts of trade; humanity deserting the hospitals to loneliness and desolation; justice tearing the bandage from her eyes, and yielding her embrace to the strongest might, aye, and last of all, love no

longer fed by the charities of life, bidding farewell to the households of earth, leaving the world, at last, the paradise of beasts.

In America, your profession stands at the head of the social scale. What greater work can it achieve, than to meet the *infection* on the threshold. This plague can do its deadly work, only through moral corruption. You, whose hands are dedicated to the healing of fellow-man, have the prophylactic in your charge. No higher duty can enlist your efforts through life. And in that final hour of your pilgrimage, on earth,—a pilgrimage devoted to the alleviation of suffering and distress—as you approach to put on that robe of immortality, which the materialist dreads more than he despises, there will mingle with the grateful prayers of relieved humanity on earth, the cheering announcement from the great Physician of souls, whose truths you have believed, and whose commands you have obeyed, “ Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.”

